THE

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GENERAL REVIEW *of* EUROPEAN POLITICS.

For AUGUST, 1792.

POLAND *and* RUSSIA.

A Sudden and melancholy change, which we did not ſo ſoon expect, has overcaſt the political horizon of Poland. The benevolent Staniſlaus, whoſe higheſt gratification ſeems to be that of rendering his ſubjects happy, and whoſe name deſerves to be handed down to poſterity with every mark of veneration, has been at length obliged, from hard neceſſity, to ſubmit to the haughty and imperious mandates of Catherine II. and to renounce the new conſtitution, in order that he might prevent the farther effuſion of blood, when it could have been attended with no benefit to his people. The Empreſs wrote to Staniſlaus with her own hand, informing him, that it would be in vain to make further reſiſtance, as ſhe was determined to double, and even triple, her army, in caſe of neceſſity, rather than abandon the cauſe ſhe had undertaken. She beſides intimated, that the ſentiments of the Emperor and the King of Pruſſia were in uniſon with her's, and that a farther oppoſition on his part would induce thoſe powers to give her the moſt effectual ſupport. Staniſlaus had therefore no alternative. Left without an ally, and his kingdom threatened with imminent danger, he thought it prudent not to riſk the fury of barbarians, who, had he continued in force, would no doubt have rendered it the theatre of blood and carnage.

Of the preciſe terms inſiſted upon by the Empreſs of Ruſſia, we are not yet fully appriſed; but we know, with ſome degree of certainty, that ſhe has not loſt ſight of private intereſt, and the future aggrandiſement of her own family. She ſtates, as a principal article, that the ſucceſſion of the throne of Poland ſhall be ſettled on Prince Conſtantine Paulowitz, ſecond ſon of the Grand Duke of Ruſſia, and his heirs male. This plan, if it takes place, of which there is little doubt, will free Poland from the dread of being diſmembered by a ſecond partition; and if the conſtitution be not entirely annulled, but ſubjected to certain modifications, the Poles, provided their future ſovereign imbibes their political principles, may yet enjoy ſome ſhare of that freedom which their preſent enlightened Prince wiſhed to ſecure to them. They will, at any rate, have the pleaſure of reflecting, that one of the firſt nations of Europe has not beheld their misfortunes with inſenſibility; and that, had they been able to continue their reſiſtance, they would have met with all that ſupport from the generoſity of Britons which it was in their power as individuals to give. The late ſubſcription ſet on foot in London for their relief, will convince them, that with whatever unconcern the Kings of the earth might have viewed their ſtruggle againſt deſpotiſm and ambition, the people of Great Britain, while they enjoy liberty themſelves, wiſh to ſee its benign influence extended even to the remoteſt corners of Europe.

FORMIDABLE ATTACK *upon* FRANCE.

Catharine II. having gained her point over Poland, will now be enabled to join the confederacy formed againſt the French nation. That this is her intention, appears from her recent orders to the French Charge des Affaires at Peterſburgh to quit her capital and dominions as ſoon as poſſible. It may be expected, therefore, that ſhe will join her troops to reinforce thoſe of the *Emperor and the King of Pruſſia*, who have hitherto been rather dilatory in their operations, and who perhaps have retarded them, either from an apprehenſion of the deſertion of their troops, or in hopes of this aſſiſtance. The moment, however, is now arrived when it becomes them to proſecute more vigorous meaſures, eſpecially as they may, at preſent, attack France with more colour of juſtice than they could have done a few months ago. *Louis* XVI. whom they wiſh to reſtore to his ancient prerogatives, has, by his own folly and the violence of the Jacobin faction, been ſuſpended from exerciſing the

the functions of the executive power. The new constitution, so much boasted of, is annihilated; and France, if the interposition of Heaven do not prevent it, must soon be reduced to the most wretched situation. In the present perplexed state of affairs, while the minds of men are agitated with various views, interests, and passions, and all intelligence suppressed, except such as favour the popular party, the exact truth cannot be known respecting the nature and origin of the late dreadful tumults of the 10th of August. It however evidently appears, that the Court, supported by a party in the Assembly, was carrying on secret measures for the purpose either of bringing about a counter-revolution, or of crushing the power of the Jacobins. In the mean time, the Assembly have proceeded to great excesses; they have passed decrees respecting the sale of the crown jewels, which, as the King is not yet condemned, are certainly premature. They have, besides, suffered the most opprobrious and degrading epithets to be publicly bestowed upon the fallen monarch; and they have treated his family with an indignity which is far from being worthy of a generous and magnanimous nation. This, however, is not much to be wondered at if the predominant party is composed of ignorant enthusiasts, who suffer the fervour of passion to mislead their judgment, and who having indiscriminately imbibed republican principles, are taught to consider Kings as men of little utility to a state. These principles they carry so far, that every person who appears friendly to monarchy is branded with the name of traitor; and liberty and equality is the order of the day in France.

M. de la Fayette having, for some time, foreseen the pernicious effects likely to result from the influence of this faction, and as he boldly declared his sentiments respecting it, he has been marked out in a particular manner, for an object of vengeance. Being acquitted by a majority in the National Assembly, on a first attempt to criminate him, their rage, from this disappointment, has increased; and the late massacre, which bathed the streets of Paris with blood, was in a great measure the consequence of their intemperate zeal. Since the moderate party are either afraid to appear in the Assembly, or, if they do, to deliver their real sentiments there, the Jacobins conduct the public business as they please, and carry every question without opposition. Among these, a decree of accusation has been passed against M. de la Fayette, who, unless he secures the attachment

of his army, or makes a precipitate retreat*, muſt fall a ſacrifice to the fury of a brutal and ſanguinary mob. Whatever may be in this, France certainly is threatened with the horrors of a civil war. The King, in however imprudent, or even double a manner he may have acted, has ſtill remaining many friends; and the exceſſes to which the deluded people, confident of being ſupported by the Jacobins, have proceeded, muſt tend ſtill to increaſe them. The principles adopted by the multitude in France at this moment, are totally ſubverſive of all order and government, and, if ſuffered to ſpread, muſt ſoon diſſolve thoſe bonds of ſociety which ſecure to the induſtrious not only the fruits of their labour, but perſonal ſafety.

Even *the Dutch* begin to feel an intereſt in the affairs of France, and to be apprehenſive of the downfall of that country, which would prove prejudicial to their republic, exiſting ſolely as it does by commerce. What part they may take at this criſis, is not declared; but it is certain that the French Ambaſſador has been refuſed admittance at the houſe of the Grand Penſionary, and that he has been informed that he is no longer acknowledged as a public miniſter. Orders too have been ſent to all the dockyards to equip a fleet with the utmoſt expedition; but whether this proceeds from precaution, or with a view to interfere in the affairs of France, we will not venture to determine. Should any attempts, however, be made that are likely to affect the life of Lewis the Sixteenth, we have ſome reaſon to ſuppoſe that both Holland and Great Britain will endeavour to prevent them from being carried into execution. In the mean time, we have little account of the army under *the Duke of Brunſwick*, who, if he intends to riſk any enterpriſe this ſeaſon, ought to commence his operations. But as it is neceſſary, in an enemy's country, to act ſlowly and ſecurely, he cannot, perhaps, be expected to make much progreſs this autumn. He has had too long an experience, and is too well acquainted with the art of war, not to know that he muſt not advance raſhly, until he has ſecured a retreat, in caſe of diſaſter. The frontiers of France are defended by a chain of ſtrongly fortified towns, ſome of which muſt be taken before he can proceed; and as this will require time, it is probable that little of moment will be effected this ſeaſon.

While France is thus threatened by foreign enemies, and expoſed at the ſame time to inteſtine diſcord, its melancholy ſituation

* In attempting to paſs to Holland he has, with ſome of his officers, been taken priſoner by the Auſtrians.

ſituation exhibits a leſſon to ſovereigns as well as to their ſubjects. The former may be taught, that candour and economy are the ſureſt methods of ſecuring the confidence and affection of their people; and the latter may learn, that if they abuſe that liberty which a concurrence of wiſdom and their own exertions have obtained, they will give deſigning men an opportunity of miſleading them, and be expoſed to the danger of loſing the ſubſtance for the ſhadow.

GREAT-BRITAIN.

Happineſs and tranquillity continue to prevail in this proſperous country; and as peace is now finally concluded with Tippoo Sultan, we have reaſon to believe that our India poſſeſſions will for ſome time remain undiſturbed. Lord Cornwallis's merit in the concluſion of this war, and definitive treaty, is ſuperior to any panegyric that we can beſtow, and muſt eminently diſtinguiſh his name in the annals of his country.

An affecting Account of the Interview between Alexander Schell, a Pruſſian Officer, and his Parents and Siſters, after an Abſence of more than 24 Years.

[From a Letter written by that Officer to Baron Trenck.]

Dear Friend,

AT Frankfort you obliged me to accept 20 guineas, money which belonged to your children, and the depriving yourſelf of which was, moſt probably, of great inconvenience.—Somewhat, however, to recompenſe your benevolence, may you, virtuous man, participate the ſenſibility, the pleaſure, the good, which accompanied theſe 20 guineas in the cottage of a poor peaſant! May theſe benedictions be verified, with which your name was pronounced by an old man of 82, almoſt expiring with hunger, in company with his wife, and the remainder of his family! Benedictions, uttered with eyes raiſed to Heaven, when their long-loſt ſon, Schell, ſo unexpectedly entered their wretched cabin, and with him brought the means of aid and conſolation!

Oh, noble Trenck, that I could deſcribe the ſcene ſuch as it really was; then, indeed, ſhould you weep. During 24 years, my parents had never received any intelligence of me, and ſuppoſed me dead. I knew they had been ruined by a law-ſuit

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in the Imperial Court, and I would not add to their misfortunes, by informing them of my own.

My father had discarded me from his heart, after having heard I had so lightly quitted the Prussian service! After being told that my name was nailed up to the gallows at Glatz!

My mother had wept, but the afflictions of her family, and the poverty of her other children, had effaced from her memory him whom she had formerly hoped would become the support of her house, and the prop of her old age.

My eldest sister I found almost dying, with hunger, in her bed, where she had 12 years lain paralytic. The youngest was insane, and her distracted fits were sometimes so violent that she was obliged to be tied down.

My eldest brother, who had obtained the rank of Major in the Prussian service, was broken, in consequence of my adventure at Glatz, and is, at present, a corporal in the service of Denmark, where he has taken another name.

My formerly brave, and now ancient father, all in rags, and afflicted with the dropsy, was seated in an old arm chair; and my aged mother, of 70, was obliged to act as servant, nurse, and provider, for the whole house.

At the time that I arrived, several days had passed, and they had had nothing better than dry bread for their food, waiting the end of the month. You have been informed that the Prince, by whom they were ruined, granted them a pension of nine florins per month! [About 20s.] For this they were obliged to pray for him, thank him, and tremble in his presence.

They had no fire, and these poor old people were crouching close together, half naked, to keep each other warm. That very day they happened to mention their lost son; they were exhorting each other patiently to endure their afflictions, and, while thus suffering, I entered their hut, made myself known, and brought them aid.

God of Heaven! where are the words that shall describe what I felt?—I stood motionless, at beholding wretchedness like this, and dumb! They were dumb also.

I recovered, recollected I had guineas, and threw them on the table.—"Is this money thy own?" said my mother.—"Yes, mother," answered I, "they are honourably acquired; I bring them to yield you a momentary support."

Surprise and joy flushed in every face; my aged and afflicted father bathed me with his paternal tears, and my mother hung, weeping, round my neck. The poor paralytic intreated she might once again make a good meal, and her still more unfortunate

fortunate ſiſter leaped and capered, without knowing wherefore.

After we had, in ſome degree, recovered our proper ſenſes, and I had briefly anſwered their enquiring queſtions, a fire was made, and meat was put down to roaſt. Yes, my friend, the family ſeated themſelves round a table, that had long not been ſo loaded, and I had the pleaſure to regale them with your money, to revive my parents, languiſhing in miſery, and on the borders of the grave, and to change the paternal malediction into the ſincereſt bleſſings and prayers!

To you am I indebted for this day of joy, the brighteſt, the happieſt of my life; for had I not had your money, I ſhould never have returned to the houſe of my father.—'Tis true, alſo, I never ſhould have been a ſpectator of wretchedneſs like their's, and ſhould have died reckleſs and indifferent. I now have an additional reaſon to live; I have parents to provide for, and they ſtand in need of proviſion. I will haſten to Alexandria, haſten to obtain money for their ſupport, for now, only, do I begin to be reconciled to life.

I ſhall not inform you in what place I found this moſt unfortunate family; you would deprive me of the ſatisfaction of labouring for them. I well know the benevolence of your heart, and I well know you have nothing you ought to give.—Yet you ſhall be informed hereafter, and ſhall become my ſucceſſor, in order that I may die untormented, when I feel my end approach, and ſhall be no more able to afford them ſuſtenance.

I continued with them nine days, and three entire guineas were expended in making ourſelves merry. Yeſterday I left fifteen upon the table with my watch, and a letter, as I did when I took my leave of you at Aix-la-Chapelle, and thus avoided the too great pain of parting.—I am, &c.

ALEXANDER SCHELL.

AUGUSTE *and* MADELAINE:

A REAL HISTORY.

[From Letters from France, by Miſs Helen Maria Williams.]

(*Concluded from Page* 228.)

ONE evening, when Auguſte was walking in the town of Bareges with ſome ladies, he ſaw Madelaine at a little diſtance

diſtance aſſiſting with great difficulty to ſupport her father, who appeared to be ſeized with a fit. Auguſte darted like an arrow toward the ſpot, and held up the officer till he found himſelf ſomewhat recovered; and then Auguſte, with a ſort of gentle violence, obliged Madelaine, who was pale and trembling, to let go her father's arm, and ſuffer him to aſſiſt the ſervant in leading him home, which was but a few ſteps farther. Auguſte entered the houſe, where he remained till the old officer was a little revived; and, after prevailing upon Madelaine to take a few hartſhorn drops, he retired.

The next morning he felt that common civility required he ſhould pay the old officer a viſit, and learn how he had paſſed the night. It happened that Madelaine had the very ſame idea. "Surely," thought ſhe, "it will be very ſtrange if this young man, who was ſo kind, ſo careful of my father, and who made me take ſome hartſhorn drops, ſhould neglect to call and enquire after us." This idea had come acroſs her mind ſeveral times; and ſhe was meditating upon it at her father's bedſide, when Auguſte was announced.

The old officer, who had all the finiſhed politeneſs of his country and his profeſſion, received him in the moſt courteous manner; and, though he ſpoke with ſome difficulty, yet he was profuſe in acknowledgments for the ſervice Auguſte had rendered him. Madelaine's thanks were few and ſimply expreſſed; but the tone in which they were uttered was ſuch that Auguſte felt he could have ſacrificed his life to have deſerved them.

The old officer ſtill continued ſick, and therefore Auguſte ſtill conſidered it as an indiſpenſable mark of attention to go every day, and learn the ſtate of his health. He alſo began to feel that theſe viſits became every day more neceſſary to his own happineſs. That happineſs was indeed embittered by many painful reflections. He well knew that to obtain his father the Count de ——'s conſent to marry Madelaine, was as impoſſible as it was for himſelf to conquer the paſſion ſhe had inſpired. He knew exactly the order in which his father's enquiries would run on this ſubject. He was aware that there were two interrogatories to be anſwered. The firſt was—"How many thouſand livres has ſhe a year?" And the ſecond—"Is ſhe noble?"—And nothing could be more embarraſſing than that the enquiry concerning fortune would, he was ſure, come firſt; ſince that was the only article which could not be anſwered in a ſatisfactory manner; for to Madelaine's family no objection could have been made. By the way, though the former nobility of France would not abſolutely contaminate the pure

ſtreams

ſtreams of noble blood by an union with the daughter of a *roturier*, they had always ſufficient generoſity to abate ſome generations of nobility in favour of a proper equivalent in wealth.

Auguſte, while he was convinced of the impoſſibility of obtaining his father's conſent to his marriage, did not pay Madelaine one viſit the leſs from that conſideration; and when the uſual hour of his viſit arrived, he often ſuddenly broke a chain of admirable reaſoning on the imprudence of his attachment, in order to haſten to the dwelling of her he loved. In a ſhort time he ceaſed all kind of reaſoning on the ſubject, and abandoned his heart without reſerve to the moſt violent and unconquerable paſſion.

Auguſte made a declaration to the old officer of the ſentiments which his daughter had inſpired. The old gentleman mentioned it to Madelaine, and ſhe only anſwered by tears, of which he perfectly underſtood the meaning. When Auguſte explained his ſituation with reſpect to his father, the officer deſired him to think of his daughter no more. Auguſte felt that he might as well have deſired him to ceaſe to breathe. He continued his viſits, and the officer was ſoon reduced to the ſtate of languor and debility which left him neither the power nor the wiſh to forbid them. His complaints increaſed every day, and were attended with many alarming ſymptoms. The ſeaſon for the waters of Bareges was now paſt, and all the company left the place, except the old officer, who was too weak to be removed, and Auguſte, who, while Madelaine remained, had no power to tear himſelf from the ſpot. In a few weeks the old officer felt that his dying hour was near. Auguſte knelt with Madelaine at his bedſide—her voice was ſuffocated by tears; and Auguſte had ſcarcely power to articulate in broken accents that he would devote his life to the happineſs of Madelaine. The old officer fixed his eyes with a look of tender anxiety upon his daughter, and ſoon after expired. Madelaine mourned for her father with uncontrouled affliction, nor could all the attentions of her lover diſpel that anguiſh with which her affectionate heart lamented the loſs of her parent.

The winter being far advanced, ſhe propoſed to defer her journey to the diſtant province where ſhe and her father lived, until ſpring, and to place herſelf in the mean time in a convent not far from Bareges. Auguſte exerted all the eloquence of love to induce her to conſent immediately to a private marriage. She heſitated at this propoſal; and while they were converſing together on the ſubject, the door of the room in which they

were ſitting was ſuddenly thrown open, and Auguſte ſaw his father the Count de —— enter. He had heard of the attachment which detained his ſon at Bareges, and had haſtened to tear him from the ſpot before it was too late. He upbraided his ſon with great bitterneſs, and began alſo to upbraid Madelaine: but there was ſomething in her looks, her ſilence, and her tears, which ſtifled the terms of haughty reproach in which he was prepared to addreſs her; and ordering his ſon to leave the room, he deſired to ſpeak to her alone. After explaining to her the abſolute impoſſibility of her being ever united to his ſon, and his determination to diſinherit him, and leave his whole fortune to his ſecond ſon, if Auguſte ſhould perſiſt in his attachment to her—after endeavouring to awaken her pride and her generoſity, he deſired to know where ſhe propoſed going. She told him her intention of placing herſelf immediately in the convent of ——. He approved of this deſign, and left her to go to his ſon.

No ſooner was the door ſhut than Madelaine gave way to thoſe tears which ſhe had ſcarcely been able to reſtrain while the Count was ſpeaking. She had never felt ſo ſenſibly her orphan condition as at this moment; and the dear remembrance of her fond father was mingled with the agony of diſappointed love.

Meantime the Count de —— declared to his ſon, that his only chance of ever obtaining his miſtreſs depended on his abſolute unconditional ſubmiſſion to his commands, and that he muſt inſtantly attend him to Paris. Auguſte eagerly enquired what was to become of Madelaine; and his father told him that ſhe was determined to take refuge in the convent of ——. Auguſte abſolutely refuſed to depart till he was allowed an interview with Madelaine. The Count was obliged to conſent; but before he ſuffered them to meet, he obtained a promiſe from Madelaine not to mention to her lover any particulars of the converſation which had paſſed between her and the Count.

Auguſte, in this laſt interview with Madelaine, atoned for the cruel diſdain of his father, by the moſt ſolemn and paſſionate aſſurances of fidelity, not to be ſhaken by time or circumſtance; and then, after attempting to leave the room ſeveral times, and returning as often, he at length tore himſelf away. Madelaine, when ſhe ſaw him depart, felt that every earthly hope had vaniſhed with him.

She ſet out early the next morning for the convent of ——; but not till after ſhe had ſat for ſome time weeping in the chair which Auguſte uſed to occupy.

Madelaine paſſed the remaining part of the winter in the convent of ——, during which period ſhe received frequent letters from Auguſte; and when ſpring arrived he conjured her, inſtead of removing to her own province, to remain a little longer in her preſent ſituation; and flattered her with hopes of being able ere long to fulfil thoſe engagements upon which all his happineſs depended.

In the ſummer of this year an event took place which will render that ſummer for ever memorable. The French nation, too enlightened to bear any longer thoſe monſtrous oppreſſions which ignorance of its juſt rights alone had tolerated, took off its fetters, and the revolution was accompliſhed.

Madelaine was a firm friend to the revolution, which ſhe was told had made every Frenchman free. "And if every Frenchman is free," thought Madelaine, "ſurely every Frenchman may marry the woman he loves." It appeared to Madelaine, that, putting all political conſiderations, points upon which ſhe had not not much meditated, out of the queſtion, obtaining liberty of choice in marriage was alone well worth the trouble of a revolution; and ſhe was as warm a patriot from this ſingle idea, as if ſhe had ſtudied the declaration of rights made by the Conſtituent Aſſembly, in all its extent and conſequences.

The Count de ——, who was informed of the correſpondence between the two lovers, and who ſaw little hopes of his ſon's ſubduing a paſſion which this intercourſe of letters ſerved to cheriſh, contrived means to have Auguſte's letters intercepted at the convent. In vain Madelaine enquired with all the anxiety of tenderneſs for letters. In vain ſhe counted the hours till the return of the poſt-days. Poſt after poſt arrived, and brought no tidings of Auguſte. Three months paſſed in the cruel torments of anxiety and ſuſpenſe, and were at length ſucceeded by deſpair. Madelaine believed ſhe was forgotten—forgotten by Auguſte!—She conſulted her own heart, and it ſeemed to her impoſſible; yet, after a ſilence of three months, ſhe could doubt no longer.

Poor Madelaine now recollected with anguiſh, inſtead of pleaſure, that all Frenchmen were free. She would have found ſome ſad conſolation in believing that all Frenchmen were ſlaves. It would have been ſome alleviation of her ſorrows if Auguſte had been forced to abandon her; and ſhe fancied ſhe could have borne to loſe him, if ſhe had been ſure that he ſtill loved her—it was loſing him by his own fault that filled her heart with pangs almoſt inſupportable.

The little pittance which Madelaine, after paying her father's debts, had left for her own ſupport, was inſufficient to defray her expences as a boarder in the convent. She had already, by her ſweetneſs and gentleneſs, gained the affections of ſome of the nuns, to whom ſhe was alſo attached, and who inceſſantly conjured her to take the veil. "And why," ſhe ſometimes exclaimed, "why ſhould I heſitate. in ſo doing? Since Auguſte is loſt, what have I to regret in renouncing the world? What ſacrifice do I make; what ſacrifice do I reſign?"

Madelaine had no ties to the world, of which ſhe knew but little: but to ſeparate herſelf irrecoverably, and for ever from him to whom her ſoul was devoted—to ſee him, to hear his voice no more—to take vows which would make it even a crime to think of him—to baniſh him even from her thoughts—alas! Madelaine felt like Eloiſa—

> "All is not Heav'n's while Abelard has part,
> "Still rebel nature holds out half my heart!"

Sometimes too the idea occurred that Auguſte might love her ſtill—"And am I then," thought Madelaine, "going to reduce myſelf to a ſtate in which I ſhall be forced to wiſh he were unfaithful, in order to ſave me from the agonies of remorſe!"—She put off all thoughts of entering on her novitiate for ſome weeks longer—no letters arrived, and again her reſolution to take the veil returned. "Why," cried ſhe, "why ſhould I ſtill continue to lament that inconſtant lover who thinks of me no more? Alas, alas, did he not ſee the anguiſh of my ſoul at parting with him?—Does he not know the deſerted ſituation in which I am left!—Oh, yes! he knows of no other refuge, no other reſource than taking the veil—no doubt he wiſhes to hear I have done ſo—he will find in my renunciation of the world ſome excuſe for his infidelity—Oh, heavens! will Auguſte hear that I am ſeparated from him for ever without one ſigh?—Ah, why need I deliberate any longer?—My trials will ſoon be paſt—I feel that my heart will break—yes, death will come to my relief—and in Heaven I ſhall find my father!"

Madelaine at length determined to join the holy ſiſterhood of the convent. The white veil for her novitiate was prepared. The day was fixed, when, proſtrate with her face toward the earth, and with flowers ſcattered over her, and part of her long treſſes cut off, ſhe was to enter upon that ſolemn trial preparatory to her eternal renunciation of the world—of Auguſte!

A few days before that which was appointed for the ceremony, Madelaine was called to the parlour, where ſhe found

her

her lover, with ſome of the municipal officers of the town, wearing their national ſcarfs.

Madelaine, at the ſight of Auguſte with difficulty reached a chair, in which ſhe fell back ſenſeleſs; while Auguſte could not forbear uttering ſome imprecations againſt the iron grate by which they were ſeparated, and which prevented him from flying to her aſſiſtance. He, however, procured help, and Madelaine recovered.

One of the municipal officers then informed her, that they had received the day before a decree of the National Aſſembly, forbidding any nuns to be profeſſed. He added, that the municipality had already given information of this new law to the Abbeſs, who had conſented to allow Madelaine to leave the convent immediately. As he pronounced theſe laſt words, Madelaine looked at her lover. Auguſte haſtened to explain to her that his uncle, who loved him and pitied his ſufferings, had at length made a will, leaving him his fortune upon condition that his father conſented to his marriage with Madelaine.

When her lover and the municipal officers departed, Madelaine retired to her apartment, to give way to thoſe delicious tears which were poured from a heart overflowing with wonder, thankfulneſs, and joy. When her firſt emotions had ſubdued, ſhe began to pack up her little wardrobe in preparation for leaving the convent on the following day. "I always loved the revolution," thought Madelaine, as ſhe laid aſide the white gown in which ſhe was to be married the next morning; "and this laſt decree is ſurely of all others the beſt and wiſeſt—but if it had come too late!"—At this idea Madelaine took up the veil for her novitiate, which lay upon her table, and bathed it with a flood of tears.

The next morning Auguſte and Madelaine were married in the pariſh church of ——, and immediately after the ceremony ſet out for Paris, where they now live, and are, I am told, two of the happieſt people and the beſt patriots in France.

Copy of the Manifeſto of their Majeſties the Emperor of Germany and the King of Pruſſia, againſt the French Revolution.

(Continued from Page 236.)

THE Monarch and monarchy, however, ſtill, in appearance, ſubſiſted; odious and intolerable decrees having taken place

place to the ſimple obſervations of his Moſt Chriſtian Majeſty. The revolters were irritated at this reſource of juſtice and reaſon. The moſt criminal attempts were projected.—A number of ſeditious perſons hurried to Verſailles; the caſtle was forced; the King expoſed, as well as the Queen and Royal Family, to every outrage, every crime and unheard-of attacks, thought only of ſparing the blood of his people, and the tears which he would not have ſhed for himſelf, moiſtened the bodies of the generous and faithful guards who had been inhumanly butchered on the ſteps of the throne. Providence, which watches over the deſtiny of Kings and nations, ſaved at length his Majeſty, with the Queen and auguſt family, from this horrible conſpiracy: and if the criminals, who were the authors of the execrable attrocities committed on the night between the 5th and 6th of October 1789, have hitherto enjoyed an odious impunity, the Divine Juſtice has doubtleſs deferred their puniſhment, in order to reſerve to all Sovereigns, offended againſt in the perſons of their Moſt Chriſtian Majeſties, the inflicting of the moſt ſtriking and exemplary vengeance on the guilty.

Eſcaped from the moſt imminent dangers, his Moſt Chriſtian Majeſty at length thought of freeing himſelf from that captivity in which he was detained, and of placing his ſacred perſon in a place of ſafety, by retiring to the frontiers of France. He hoped that he ſhould then be able to exert himſelf with more effect in bringing back his ſubjects to a ſenſe of duty, and in ſaving the monarchy; and by yielding to the moſt imperious of all laws, ſelf-preſervation, his Moſt Chriſtian Majeſty meant ſolemnly to have proteſted againſt all thoſe acts to which he had conſented during his captivity. But Providence, which in its wiſdom often deranges, for the inſtruction of mankind, the beſt concerted plans, did not permit a reſolution ſo juſt, ſo lawful, and ſo neceſſary to the happineſs of France, to be ſucceſsfully executed. An infamous town, the name of which poſterity will never pronounce but with horror, the juſt and terrible puniſhment of which will ſerve as an example to all rebellious and ſacrilegious towns that may ever have the criminal madneſs to wiſh to imitate it, and to attempt the liberty of their Sovereigns—this town had the audacity to arreſt their King. By a ſignal he might have overcome this obſtacle, but in that caſe it would have been neceſſary to ſhed blood; and his Moſt Chriſtian Majeſty has proved, upon all occaſions, that he would rather ſuffer death himſelf than expoſe the lives of his ſubjects. The return made to this generoſity, goodneſs, and ſignal magnanimity

nanimity, was, that he was conducted amidst a thousand dangers and a thousand outrages continually renewed, back to his capital, to be there suspended from his authority, as if any power upon earth had a right of passing so infamous and odious a sentence, and at length to be reduced to the alternative of forfeiting the throne or submitting to the pitiable concessions,—that is to say, the alternative of a civil war, which would have converted France into an immense grave, or the acceptance of a constitution, dictated by the mean populace to perjured wretches without legal power, and deprived themselves of their liberty, when surrounded by poignards, conflagrations, and all those convulsions which are natural consequences of anarchy and revolt.

The King of France, had he enjoyed perfect freedom, would doubtless have consulted only the honour of the crown, the interest of his people, his protestation of the 20th of June, 1791, and his religion, which they endeavoured to make him renounce. Had he enjoyed freedom, by making a generous sacrifice, he would certainly have resigned his life, had it been necessary, to rescue his people from that pretended constitution with which they were loaded; but all Europe knows that his refusing to accept it would have caused the three faithful guards, who were arrested with him at Varennes, to be massacred before his eyes; that a famine, created on purpose, already presaged the most horrid attempts; that the murder of all the Royal Family was resolved on by the conspirators; that such of the nobility and clergy as in France remained faithful to their God, and to their King, would have been instantly butchered, and that foreign powers would have had to punish thousands of criminal and regicide monsters.

A ray of hope, which still seems to beam forth in the heart of his Most Christian Majesty, made him, doubtless, entertain an idea that the factious would soon repent; and he, probably, flattered himself, that, by this last act of condescension, he should be enabled to disarm their fury, and dissipate that fatal cloud of error by which they were blinded. The nullity of his acceptance, fully demonstrated by those rigorous circumstances which imperiously commanded it, sufficiently destroyed the inconveniences of it. He wished, as he himself declared,* that the constitution might be judged by experience. In a word, he was obliged to accept it, or condemn France to com-

mit

* Letter of the King to the Assembly, September 18, 1791.

mit execrable crimes, to abandon it to all the horrors of a civil war, and to bury it entirely under its own ruins.

The King signed it, but his hand at that time was in chains. The act that he performed was invalid. The protestation of the 20th of June had previously annulled it. A prisoner can enter into no engagement, can sanction nothing, nor accept of any thing; and a Monarch, who is reduced to the necessity of *writing* that he is free, is not so in *reality*. All powers, filled with indignation at the horrid spectacle, had already concerted measures for avenging the honour of the diadem. His late Imperial Majesty, by his circular letter, written from Padua†, invited all the powers of Europe to form a confederation for this purpose. The convention of Pilnitz determined those circumstances which made their Imperial and Prussian Majesties to have recourse to arms; but the acceptance of his Most Christian Majesty, though forced, and consequently null, seemed to promise a new order of things: it rendered the danger less threatening‡, and the latter events seemed to afford hopes respecting the future. It appeared that the greater part of the French nation, struck with the evils which they had prepared for themselves, were returning to more moderate principles; began to acknowledge the necessity of maintaining that form of government which was alone proper for a great state; and to testify a desire of restoring to the throne that dignity and influence which belong to monarchical governments. His Imperial Majesty was not completely satisfied with these appearances; but he wished, as well as the other powers united with him, to try the effects of a little longer delay, to avoid, if possible, that disagreeable extremity, to which all powers feel themselves now obliged to have recourse. A prodigious number, however, of faithful Frenchmen, banished from their country by crimes which they had seen, and of which they were the objects, imploring in vain at home timid or corrupt judges, and laws, which, in order to oppress them, were made to speak, or be silent, as might be most favourable to the revolution, ranged themselves under the banner of honour, duty, and fidelity, with Monsieur, the Count d'Artois, and other Princes of the blood, who, like them, had been forced to exile themselves from their country.

A new usurping Assembly, which seemed to pride itself on surpassing the excesses of the preceding, dared to treat the Royal Majesty

‡ Dispatch of the Prince de Kaunitz to several Ministers at Foreign Courts, November 12, 1791.

Majeſty with ſtill greater inſults,§ added weight to his chains, encouraged more than ever the effervefcence of thoſe popular ſocieties which domineered over him, multiplied the dangers around his throne, were incenſed at the hoſpitable reception granted by foreign Princes to the French Emigrants,‖ and inſulted, with intolerable licentiouſneſs, all the Sovereigns of Europe. In violation of their own laws, and contrary to their pretended renunciation of making conqueſts, they invaded the Comte of Avignon, the Biſhopric of Bâle, pretended to ſet an arbitrary pecuniary valuation on the ſacred property which they had, in Lorraine and Alſace, forcibly taken from ſeveral Princes and ſtates of the empire, and were offended becauſe the police in all the neighbouring countries ſuppreſſed thoſe inflammatory writings which they induſtriouſly circulated, and puniſhed thoſe miſſionaries of revolt whom they every where diſperſed to corrupt the people, and to incite them to attack private property, to dethrone Kings, and aboliſh all religions. Their audacity increaſing by remaining hitherto unpuniſhed, and rendered more violent by the moderation of neighbouring Princes, this Aſſembly, in their delirium, conceived the project of extending their uſurpation, and the licentious principles of the French to the Germanic empire, and without doubt to the whole world. A Miniſtry, whom they obliged his Moſt Chriſtian Majeſty to accept, became the organ of their ſecret views, and of all views well known to all popular ſocieties.

Explanations were required from the Court of Vienna, and given with that clearneſs, preciſion, and minuteneſs, which became the candour and dignity of his Apoſtolic Majeſty, the King of Bohemia and Hungary: being in every reſpect ſatiſfactory, they could diſpleaſe only an aſſembly and ſocieties who wiſhed to diſturb the public peace, and who, by intrigues and criminal manœuvres, obliged the King to yield to the violent impulſe of his Miniſtry and the Aſſembly, and, contrary to all juſtice, contrary to all reaſon, and contrary to the evident intereſt of France, to declare war againſt his neighbour, his relation, and his good and faithful ally the King of Hungary and Bohemia.

The uſurping Aſſembly flattered themſelves, that they could ſubdue Europe as they had ſubdued France, by corrupting their

 troops,

§ Decree of Monday, February 6, 1792, which determines, that in writing to the King, the Preſident ſhall follow the *formula* adopted by the King in writing to the Aſſembly.

‖ Diſpatches of Prince de Kaunitz to M. de Blumendorff, February 17, 1792.

troops, seducing their subjects, and rendering odious the paternal authority of Sovereigns; by commanding crimes; by giving rewards to those who committed them; by irritating and flattering the passions of the people; and, in a word, by dissolving all the bonds of moral and political verity. They flattered themselves, above all, that they should revive and propagate that error which had misled the provinces of the Austrian Netherlands; they trusted they should carry thither the flames of insurrection; find there a number of partisans; devour the rich patrimony of the churches; seize on the property of the nobility; abolish the lawful authorities of the states; and as they caused to be repeated with complaisance by the Ministry of their will*, they wished to carry away the specie of the Low Countries, and to replace it with that paper-money which circulates on the credit of violence; which is secured only by usurped property; and which, by its discredit at home, is sufficiently proved to be illegal. They thus trusted that they should be able to reward the crimes of their satellites, and the activity of their patriotic agents, with the spoils of their neighbours, and the riches of a peaceful and industrious people. On this criminal basis, detestable in the eyes of all nations, they founded their wish for war, as well as their plan for executing it; and they congratulated themselves for having extorted this proposal from a just Monarch, whose whole life has attested his love for justice, his fidelity towards his allies, and his ardent desire to preserve the tranquillity of Europe.

The triumph of the Assembly, however, was not of long duration. Providence, in blessing the arms of a Sovereign unjustly attacked, deservedly punished those rebellious troops to their King, who, detaining him prisoner at Paris, came, in his name, to make war on his allies.

The army of the French revolters, beat at Tournay and Mons, and defeated at Florenne and Grisnelle, attempted an invasion of Flanders, an open and defenceless country; but being soon after obliged to retire, the usurping Assembly† were taught that his Apostolic Majesty had none but courageous soldiers, as well as faithful subjects, and that nothing of their projects remained to that rebellious army, but the shame of having conceived them; the ignominy of having massacred, with a civic joy, the unfortunate prisoners who had done their duty; and the opprobrium of having burnt at Courtray, without advantage,

* Report by M. Dumourier, on the affair at Mons.

† Letters from M. Luckner, June 28th, 29th, and 30th, 1792.

vantage, without object, and even without military pretence, the habitations and property of three hundred families, against whom they had no cause of complaint. But other enjoyments recompensed the usurping Assembly for these checks. Contrary to the express letter of their own laws, without process, and without previous accusation, without hearing him, or any person for him, the Assembly had unjustly dismissed and removed from the King's person, an irreproachable guard, and invited banditti from all the provinces to their assistance. These two famous banditti, whose names must be handed down with infamy to the remotest ages, as if they wished to try the strength and energy of the villainy of their agents, caused the asylum of the King to be violated on the 20th of June, 1792; and the most attrocious crimes would have been then committed, had not the majesty of the Monarch, his virtues, and his firmness, overawed a band of regicides, whose arms were paid and directed. All France, who in justice, ought to be separated from the factious, turned aside with horror from that execrable day, and demanded that punishment might be inflicted on the guilty.—But he who refuses to punish crimes, is alone criminal; and Europe cannot be mistaken respecting the authors of these outrages.

Such then is the French Revolution, unjust and illegal in its principle, horrid in the means by which it was effected, and disastrous in its consequences.

(To be continued.)

DOMESTIC DUTY.

Come when you are called.

I'VE rung the bell three times—

Sir, I *thought* you wanted your shoes, so I went for them.

And pray, how came you to know what I wanted so much better than myself?

Sir, I *thought*—

You thought.—No—you did not *think*—If you had *thought* at all, you would have thought it your duty to come when you are called.

Well, my dear, but what signifies talking to the girl more about it?

True, I believe it does not signify *much*; but thus much it *does* signify, Mrs. Snap—This letter will now go too late. If

those girls are allowed to *think* what their master wants before they answer his call, one may die in one's room for want of assistance.

That would be shocking, indeed, my dear—

Yes, my dear; but like other shocking things, it would be soon forgot.—I'll not have a servant in my house that pretends to know what I want better than I do myself.

But what is all this fuss about, my dear?

Have not I told you? It is always *fuss* when any thing is amiss—however, for the present, I shall say nothing more—Only let your servants know I will have them *come when they are called.*

GREGORY SNAP.

Answer, by Curiosus, of Bath, to W. Upjohn's Question, inserted April 9.

PUT u=12l. p=100l. r=105l. and t= time required. Then we shall have $\frac{u}{p+u-pr}=R^t=\frac{12}{100+12-105}=\frac{12}{7}$; ∴ $\frac{\text{Log. } 12}{\text{Log. } 7}$ =234083, which divided by the Log. of the rate, (= 021189) will quote 11,047383 years, + the time demanded.

Answer, by D. G. of Chard, to J. Bulgin's Rebus, inserted June 18.

THE gamesters—they delight to *Win*;
The sailors like their *Can*;
And twenty hundred, that great weight,
Is by all call'd a *Ton*:
WINCANTON is the town you mean,
As by your lines is plainly seen.

‡†‡ We have received the like answer from T. Roberts, near Lostwithiel; Fidelio, Bath; T. Gill junior, Stythians; W. R. of Treneague; R. Hawkey, Creed; T. Walker, of Hemyock; J. Rogers, Alphonso, and J. B. Chivers, of St. Austell; J. Ralph, of Wellington; W. H. of Dean Prior; P. Lyttleton, Tywardreath; T. T. S. H. Cross, and Juba, of Exeter;

Exeter; T. D. Croſs, of Plympton; J. Collins, of Uffculm; T. Furſe, Mevagiſſey; R. Salter, of Bodmin; J. M. A. near Sherborne; J. Hadley, of Caſtle Cary; Eremita, of Weſton Zoyland; J. Selwood, of Stockland-ſchool; Sancho, of Totnes; and W. Brewer, and A. Apſey, of Taunton.

Anſwer, by R. Hawkey, of Creed, to J. K. C.'s Enigma, inſerted June 25.

RACK-PUNCH, ye gents, if I am right,
Is that in which you take delight.

§†§ We have received the like anſwer from R. Salter, of Bodmin.

A QUESTION, *by W. W. of Dunſter.*

THREE brothers, whoſe reſpective ages are 20, 25, and 30, agree amongſt themſelves to purchaſe an annuity of 100l. per annum, to be equally divided between them during their joint lives, then to be divided equally between the two ſurvivors, and after the deceaſe of one of them, to belong entirely to the laſt ſurvivor for life, what ſum muſt each contribute towards the purchaſe, the intereſt being ſettled at four per cent.

A CHARADE, *by J. B. Chivers, of St. Auſtell.*

SCAN the tables of nobles and lords of the ſtate,
If you in an inſtant my firſt would relate;
My next is as dark as the regions below,
Which you in an anſwer will preſently ſhow;
Now combine what I've ſaid, ye bards much renown'd,
Then a kitchen utenſil with eaſe will be found.

A REBUS, *by W. W.*

TAKE one-fourth of a bird; two-ſixths of a muſe;
Three-ſevenths of a goddeſs I'd have you next chuſe;
Two-fifths of a paſſage ſelected with care;
Two-fifths of a blunder muſt laſtly appear:
Cement theſe together, a town you'll then find,
Where the youths are quite gay, the girls fair and kind.

P O E T R Y.

For the WEEKLY ENTERTAINER.

The Town or Village of Buckland in the Moor, near Aſhburton, in Devonſhire.

TO where the happy few reſide,
Remov'd from folly and from pride,
From all the world calls great;
Where midſt the ſcenes of rural life,
They live unknown to noiſe and ſtrife,
And bleſs their humble ſtate.

Lead on: To yonder village lead,
Where Heaven has happineſs decreed,
For thoſe ye bleſſings prize:
Who ſeek in ſolitary eaſe,
Such joys as innocently pleaſe,
Nor wiſh for other joys.

Then leave the buſy, buſtling crowd,
The giddy young, the gay, the proud,
Who all on pleaſure wait:
Nor think yon little low-built town,
Made for the cottager and clown,
There live the truly great.

There modeſt worth obſcur'd does lie,
Recluſe, and hid from every eye,
Save that of ſmiling Heav'n!
Contentment there in yonder cot,
Approves the happy, humble lot,
That providence has given.

There Induſtry made hard by toil,
Purſues his labour with a ſmile,
Nor waſtes an idle hour;

Employment

Employment and a mind at eaſe,
Are bleſſings ſure that greatly pleaſe,
And theſe are in his power.

Here Prudence, notable and ſage,
So much deſpis'd in this vain age,
Has found a calm retreat:
Her little family affairs
Conducts, with all a mother's cares,
Moſt fearful, yet diſcreet.

While Temp'rance, ever healthful ſwain!
To tend his flock on verdant plain,
Does conſtantly reſort:
His weary feet he turns aſide,
From paths of luxury and pride,
To thoſe which health ſupport.

And Innocence, moſt charming maid!
In plain and neateſt dreſs array'd,
She needs no gay attire:
The power to wound is not in dreſs,
'Tis native charms that yield acceſs,
And ſet the ſoul on fire.

For open Truth, a ſhepherd's boy,
He felt the paſſion, and with joy
Still ſings it in the grove:
Impatient now he waits the day,
When Innocence ſhall give away
Her hand to virtuous love.

But mark yon lofty riſing dome,*
That's Charity's, the pariſh home:
Here lives a God-like mind:
Who all the wants of all the poor
Relieves, from an unbounded ſtore,
Of goodneſs unconfin'd.

There Piety, divinely taught!
With every grace and virtue fraught,
Hangs looſe to all below;,
Her greateſteſt pleaſures are on high,
They riſe from ſprings beyond the ſky,
Where joys cæleſtial flow.

* Spitchwick Park, the ſeat of Lady Aſhburton.

Thus

Thus have I ſung the village train,
And Colin thanks me, honeſt ſwain:
Since he approves my lays,
Let others, better taught, refuſe
My humble verſe, and humble muſe,
The tribute of their praiſe.

S O N N E T.

YE ſtars that yield a glimm'ring light,
And faintly twinkle thro' the night;
Alas! the little help ye lend
But poorly doth the world befriend:
Ye pale lamps of the vaulted ſkies,
What are ye when the moon doth riſe?

Ye violets and cowſlips ſweet,
That firſt the coming ſpring do greet;
Ye hyacinths of pearly blue,
And daffodils of yellow hue;
Ye virgins of the infant years,
What are ye when the roſe appears?

Ye chanters of the leafy ſpray,
Who gaily carol thro' the day;
Whoſe tender ſongs of artleſs loves,
With muſic fill the ſhady groves;
What is your ſweeteſt woodland note,
When Philomela tunes her throat?

What ſtars are to bright Luna's ray,
Or leſſer flowers to roſes gay;
Or notes that to theſe birds belong,
Compar'd with Philomela's ſong:
So muſt all other maidens prove,
And ſhrink before the maid I love.

N———

Topſham, Auguſt 30, 1792.

Lines on Louis the Fifteenth's being Ill of a Fiſtula.

GREAT LOUIS, all his ſplendid victories paſt,
Is wounded in the *Netherlands* at laſt.